

# COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Proprietor.

"To Hold and Trim the Torch of Truth and Wipe it o'er the darkened Earth"

ALEM B. TATE, Publisher.

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VOL. XXI

## COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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## Select Poetry.

### "The old Arm Chair."

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me from loving that Old Arm Chair;  
I've treasured it long as a baby's prize,  
I've hugged it with tears, and embraced it with sighs;  
Would you tear from the spirit a mother's old chair,  
And a sacred thing is that Old Arm Chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
That treasured old chair, and I loved it so dear,  
And gentle the words that mother would say,  
To tell me to sit—so close to her side,  
And she would tell me of her old days,  
And how she had loved that Old Arm Chair.

I sat and watched her many a day  
When her eyes grew dim and her locks were gray,  
And I would sit close to her when she smiled,  
And turned from her little to look at my child,  
Years rolled on—the last one sped,  
My dear old mother, my dear old friend.

I learned how much the heart can bear  
When I saw her in that Old Arm Chair;  
For she sat there, but I sat on it now,  
With aching heart and aching brow,  
And I would sit close to her when she died,  
And I would sit close to her when she died.

## Communication.

### For the Democrat.

#### Massacre at Spirit Lake.

SPIRIT LAKE, DICKSON CO., IOWA,  
May 24th, 1857.

DEAR COL. TATE:—I do not know whether a description of Spirit Lake and the massacre which occurred here, between the 6th and 9th of March last, would be of interest to the readers of the Democrat or not, at this date. I have been here since May the 6th, and have tried to learn the particulars of the massacre so far as I could, but I will give you only a few of the most important facts. The colony consisted of seven families, making in all thirty-six or seven persons, and on the 6th day of March, they were all found murdered, with the exception of four women, who, it is supposed, are now captives with the Indians, and not a single person left to tell the sad tale. The Indians who are charged with the atrocity, are said to belong to the Sioux tribe. Immediately upon the arrival of the news at Fort Dodge, Major Williams, as commanding officer, with a company of one hundred and ten men, started for the Lake; but the Indians had fled, and the company, for want of supplies, could not pursue them any farther. At present there are no Indians near the Lake, at least none so far as we know. Our colony now consists of eighteen men who all intend to become actual settlers, and with men of energy and means at the head, Spirit Lake is destined to become a place of importance. We have a fine quantity of timber and plenty limestone. The land is not yet surveyed, but will be in June, when we expect a great rush from pre-emptors. Spirit Lake is a beautiful body of water, containing sixteen square miles, and situated about the centre of Dickinson county. There are also three smaller lakes; Sylvan Lake, and East and West Okobagoes, which are very beautiful and abundant in fish. The railroad, which is anticipated from Mancato, in Minnesota, to Sioux, is destined to strike this place. I would recommend persons coming to Iowa to visit this place, for I do not think it can be surpassed for location or beauty of scenery by any in all north-western Iowa. We have no mail arrangements here, but receive our communications at Fort Dodge, a distance of about eighty miles.

Yours truly, CHARLES F. HILL.

### Original Acrostic.

Smoothly as the fragrant vine  
Is o'er the trellis twining,  
So round my heart doth newry twine  
To thee my heart inclining;  
Each sunny morn and smiling spring  
Rich memories of thee shall bring.

Maternal love is like the rose  
On all around exhaling  
The sweets that from her petals flow  
Her fragrance never failing  
Even though the autumn fade its leaves,  
Rich fragrance still it will diffuse.

## Interesting Story.

### Losing and Winning.

#### OR— LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COTTAGE IN THE GLEN," "SENSIBILITY," &c.

(CONTINUED.)

The blood rushed to Julia's head, and back again to her heart like a torrent; a vertigo seized her; and all the objects before her, were, for a moment, an indistinct whirling mass. But she did not faint, she did not even betray her feelings, though she took the first opportunity to leave the room, and obtain a seat. For a long time she was unconscious of all that was passing around her; she could not even think—she only felt. Her husband's voice was the first thing that aroused her attention. He was standing near her with another gentleman; but it was evident that neither of them were aware of her proximity.

"Mrs. Brooks looks uncommonly well to-night," said Mr. Westbury's companion; "her dress is peculiarly becoming."

"It would be," said Mr. Westbury, "were it not for those blue ribbons; but I can think no lady looks well who has any of that odious color about her."

"It is one of the most beautiful and delicate colors in the world," said the other gentleman. "I wonder at your taste."

"It does finely in this place," said Mr. Westbury—"that is—in the heavens above our heads—but never about the person of a lady."

Julia wished her mantle and her girle in Africa—"Yet why?" thought she. "I dare say he is ignorant that I have any of the color he so much dislikes about me." His heart belongs to another, and he cares not—minds not, how she is clad whom he calls his wife."

Mr. Westbury and his friend now moved to another part of the room, and it was as much as Julia could do, to answer with propriety the few remarks that a passing acquaintance now and then made to her. At length the company began to disperse, and presently Julia saw Mr. Westbury leading Miss Eldon from the room. His head was inclined toward her; a bright hectic spot was on his cheek, and he was speaking to her in the softest tone, as they passed near where Julia was sitting. Miss Eldon's eyes were raised to his face, while her countenance wore a mingled expression of pain and pleasure. Julia had just time enough to remark all this, ere they left the room. "Oh, that I was away," thought she—"that I was at home—that I was—in my grave!" She sat perfectly unconscious of all that was going forward, until Mr. Westbury came to her, inquiring "whether she meant to be the last to take leave?" Julia mechanically arose, mechanically made her parting compliments to Mrs. Brooks—and scarcely knew any thing till she arrived at her own door. Just touching her husband's hand, she sprang from the carriage, and flew to her chamber. For a while she walked the floor in an agony of feeling. The constraint under which she labored, served to increase the violence of her emotion, now that she was free to indulge it. "Oh, why did I attend this party?" she thought—"Oh, what have I not suffered!" After a while, however, her reason began to operate. "What have I seen, that I ought not to have expected?" she asked herself. What have I learned that I knew not before, except, she added, "a trifling fact concerning my husband's taste?" Julia thought long and deeply; her spirits became calm; she renewed former resolutions; looked to heaven for wisdom to guide, and strength to sustain her; and casting aside the mantle, which would henceforth be useless to her, she indignantly threw a shawl over her shoulders to conceal the unlucky girle, and though the hour was late, descended to the parlor. Mr. Westbury was sitting by a table, leaning his head on his hand. It was not easy for Julia to address him on any subject not too exciting to her feelings—and still more difficult perfectly to command her voice, that its tones might be those of ease and cheerfulness—yet she succeeded in doing both. The question she asked, led Mr. Westbury to look up, and he was struck by the death-like paleness on her cheek. Julia could by an effort control her voice—she could in a degree subdue her feelings—but she could not command the expression of her countenance—could not bid the blood visit or recede from her cheeks at her will. She knew not, indeed, that at this time she was pale—her own

face was the last thing in her mind. Mr. Westbury had no sooner answered her question, than he added—"You had better retire, Mrs. Westbury. You look as if the fatigues of the evening had been too much for you."

"Fatigues of the evening!—Agonies rather," thought Julia—"but thank him for his kind advice," she immediately retreated to her chamber.

Until this evening, Mr. Westbury had scarcely seen Miss E. since his marriage. He had avoided seeing her, being conscious that she retained her full power over his heart—and his sense of rectitude forbade his indulging a passion for one woman, while the husband of another. Miss Eldon suspected this, and felt piqued at his power over himself. His heart fluttered with satisfaction when she saw him enter Mrs. Brooks's drawing room—and she resolved to ascertain whether her influence over his affections were diminished. She was mortified and chagrined, that even here, he kept aloof from her, giving her only a passing bow, as he walked to another part of the room. It was with unusual pleasure that she complied with a request to sit to the piano, for she well knew the power of music—of her own music over his heart. Never before had she touched the keys with so much interest. She did her best—that best was pre-eminently good—and she soon found that she had fixed the attention of him whom she alone she cared to please. After singing one or two modern songs, she began one that she had learned at Mr. Westbury's request at the period which he used to visit her almost daily. It was Burns' "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and was with him a great favorite. When Miss Eldon came to the lines—

"Thou mind'st me o' a' departed days,  
Deposited never to return."

she raised her eyes to his face, and in an instant he forgot everything but herself. "Her happiness is sacrificed as well as my own," thought he—and leaning his head against the wall of the room, he gave himself up, for the time, to love and melancholy. The song concluded, however, he regained some control over his feelings, and kept at a distance from her—nay, conquered himself, so far as to repair to the drawing room, to escape from her dangerous vicinity. He saw her not again until she was equipped for her departure. Then she contrived to get near him, and threw so much sweetness and melancholy into her voice, as she said "good night, Mr. Westbury," that he was instantly disarmed—and drawing her arm within his, conducted her from the room.

"How," said he, in a low and tremulous voice, "how, Maria, could you sing that song, to harrow up my feelings? Time was when to be near thee—to listen to thee, was my felicity—but now, duty forbids that I indulge in the dangerous delight."

Miss Eldon replied not—but raised her eyes to his face, while she repressed a half-drawn sigh. Not another word, was uttered until they had exchanged "adieu" at their carriage door.

Two or three weeks passed away without the occurrence of any incident calculated to excite peculiar uneasiness in the heart of Julia. True her husband was still the cold, the ceremonious and occasionally the abrupt Mr. Westbury—he passed but little even of his leisure time at home—and she had never met his eye when it expressed pleasure or even approbation. But he did not grow more cold—more ceremonious—the time he passed at his own residence, rather increased than diminished—and for all this she was thankful. Her efforts to please were unceasing. Her home was kept in perfect order and everything was done in time, and well done. Good taste and good judgment were displayed in every arrangement. Her table was always spread with great care, and if her husband partook of any dish with peculiar relish, she was careful to have it repeated, but at such intervals as to gratify rather than cloy the appetite. In her dress she was peculiarly neat and simple, carefully avoiding every article of apparel that was tainted with the "odious color." She had naturally a fine mind, which had the advantage of high cultivation—and without being intrusive, or aiming at display, she strove to be entertaining and companionable. Above all, she constantly endeavored to maintain a placid, if not a cheerful brow, knowing that nothing is so repulsive as a discontented, frowning face. She felt that nothing was unimportant that might either please or displease her husband—his heart was the prize she was endeavoring to win—and the happiness of her life depended on the sentiments he

should ultimately entertain toward her!—Everything she did was done not only properly, but gracefully—and though she never wearied in her efforts, she would oftentimes sigh that they were so unsuccessful. She sometimes feared that her very anxiety to please, blinded her as to the best manner of doing so—and would often repeat with a sigh, after some new and apparently useless effort—

"Je le servais mieux, si je l'aimais moins."

The first thing to disturb the kind of quiet that Julia enjoyed, was the prospect of another party. One morning, while at the breakfast table, a card was brought in from Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who were to be "at home" on Friday evening. After looking at the card, Julia handed it to Mr. Westbury in silence.

"It will be proper that we accept the invitation," said Mr. Westbury.

The remembrance of the agony she endured at the last party she attended, caused Julia's voice to tremble a little, as she said—

"Just as you think best; but for my own part, I should seldom attend a party for the sake of enjoyment."

"If Mrs. Westbury thinks it proper to immure herself as if in a convent, she can," said Mr. Westbury; "for myself, I feel that society has claims upon me that I wish to discharge."

"I will go if you think there would be any impropriety in my staying away," said Julia.

"Situated as you are, I think there would," said Mr. Westbury.

"Situated as I am?" thought Julia; "what does he mean? Does he refer to my station in society? or does he fear that the world will think me an unhappy wife, that wishes to seclude herself from observation?"

In the course of the morning, Julia called on Mrs. Cunningham, and found that lady and her husband discussing the point, whether or not they should attend Mrs. Parker's party.

"Are you going, Mrs. Westbury?" asked Mrs. Cunningham.

"Yes—Mr. Westbury, thinks we had better do so," Julia replied.

"Hear that, Edward!" said Mrs. Cunningham. "You perceive that Mr. Westbury likes that his wife should enjoy the pleasures of society."

Mr. Cunningham looked a little hurt, as he said—"My dear Lucy, and I not more than willing to indulge you in every thing that will add to your happiness? I have only been trying to convince you how much more comfortable we should be by our own fireside, than in such a crowd as must be encountered at Mrs. Parker's. For myself, the society of my wife is my highest enjoyment, and of her enjoyment, and of her conversation I never grow weary."

"Thank you for the compliment, dear," said Mrs. Cunningham—"and we will settle the question at another time."

One of the first persons Julia distinguished amid the company, as she entered Mrs. Parker's drawing-room, was Mrs. Cunningham, who gave her a nod, and an exulting smile, as much as to say—"you see I have carried the day!" Julia had endeavored to arm herself for this evening's trial, should Miss Eldon make one of the company; and accordingly she was not surprised, and not much moved, when she saw her husband conversing with that lady. She was too delicate in feeling, too refined in manner, to watch them, even long enough, to catch the expression of Mr. Westbury's face; but resolutely turning her eyes another way, she endeavored to enter into conversation with the persons near her.

Mr. Westbury had not been in Mrs. Parker's drawing room half an hour, ere Miss Eldon contrived to place herself in such a situation as to render it impossible for him to avoid addressing her; and this point once gained, to escape from her was impracticable. A strong sense of honor alone led him to wish to escape, as to be near her was to him the most exquisite happiness; but the greater the delight, the more imminent the danger; of this he was soon conscious, and he yielded to her fascination. Could she once secure his heart, and at those moments when she was sure that no ear heard, and no eye observed her but his own, she let an occasional touch of the PENELOPE mingle so naturally with her half subdued sprightliness, as to awaken, in all her original strength, those feelings, and those regrets he was striving to subdue. For the time he forgot every thing but that they mutually loved, and were mutually happy. They had been standing together a considerable length of time, when they were joined by Mr. Cunningham who abruptly remarked—

"You don't enjoy yourself this evening, Westbury."

"What makes you think so?" Westbury inquired.

"You look worn out, just as I feel," answered Mr. Cunningham. "How strange it is," he added, "that married men will ever suffer themselves to be drawn into such crowds!"

"Why not married men as well as bachelors?" asked Miss Eldon.

"Because they relinquish real happiness and comfort, for a fatiguing pleasure—if pleasure it can be called," answered Cunningham. "One's own health and one's own wife, is the place, and the society for unalloyed enjoyment. Am I not right, Westbury?"

Miss Eldon turned her eyes on Mr. Westbury, as she waited to hear his answer, and an expression, compounded of curiosity, contempt, and satisfaction, met his eye. It was the first time he had ever remarked an unlovely, an unamiable expression on her countenance. He calmly replied to Mr. Cunningham—

"Unquestionably the pleasures of domestic life are the purest, the most rational that can be enjoyed."

"O, it is strange," said Mr. Cunningham, "that any one could willingly exchange them for crowded rooms and partial vapors, such as we are now inhaling! There is nothing to be gained in such a company as this. Take any dozen, or half-dozen of them by themselves and you might stand some chance to be entertained and instructed; but bring them together, and each one seems to think it a duty to give himself up to frivolity and nonsense. I doubt whether there have been a hundred sensible words uttered here to-night, except by your circle of which Mrs. Westbury seems to be the centre. There seems to be something like rational conversation there."

Mr. Westbury turned his eyes, and saw that Julia was surrounded by the circle of the party, who all seemed to be listening with pleased attention to a conversation that was evidently carried on between herself and Mr. Evelyn, a gentleman who was universally acknowledged as one of the first in rank and talent in the city. For a minute, Mr. Westbury, suffered his eyes to rest on Julia. Her cheek was suffused with beautiful rosiness, and her eyes were beaming with intellectual light, while over her features was spread a slight shade of care, as if the heart were not perfectly at ease. "She certainly looks very well," was Mr. Westbury's thought; and his feeling was one of gratified pride, that she was inevitably his wife, did not find her proper love amongst the light, the vain, and the frivolous.

The morning after the party, Mrs. Cunningham called on Mrs. Westbury, who at the moment of her arrival happened to be in her chamber—but she instantly descended to receive her visitor. When Mrs. Westbury left the parlor a short time previous her husband was there; but he had disappeared, and she supposed he had gone out. He was, however, in the library, which adjoined the parlor, and the door between the two rooms was not quite closed. After the compliments of the morning, Mrs. Westbury remarked—

"I was somewhat surprised to see you at Mrs. Parker's last evening."

"Surprised! why so?"

"You recollect the conversation that took place on the subject, the morning I was at your house?"

"O yes—I remember that Mr. Cunningham was giving a kind of dissertation on the superior pleasures of one's own chimney corner. Really, I wish he did not love home quite so well—though I don't despair of teaching him, by and by, to love society."

"Can it be possible that you really regret your husband's attachment at home?" asked Mrs. Westbury.

"Yes, certainly—when it interferes with my going out."

"O, pray beware," said Mrs. Westbury, with much feeling—"beware lest you sacrifice your happiness for a chimera! Beware how you trifle with so invaluable a treasure as the heart of a husband!"

"Pho—pho—how serious you are growing," said Mrs. Cunningham. "Actually warning and exhorting at twenty years of age! What a preacher you will be by the time you are forty! But now be honest, and confess that you yourself would prefer a ball or a party, to sitting alone here through a stupid evening with Westbury!"

"Then to speak the truth," said Julia, "I should prefer an evening at home to all the parties in the world—balls I never attend, and do not think stupidity necessary, even with no other companion than one's own husband."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Danville Poisoning Case.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SUPPOSED POISONERS.  
We have already published the fact that Wm. J. Clark and Mrs. Mary Twigg have been committed for trial at Danville, Pa. for the murder, by poison, of Catharine Ann Clark and David Twigg, the wife and husband of the deceased parties. The evidence that both died by arsenic, administered by the committed parties, is very strong. The trial will take place in September. The Danville Democrat, of June 5th, gives the following sketch of the suspected murderers:

Wm. John Clark was born in the town of Morass, in Donegal county, in the northern part of Ireland, on the 1st day of August, 1834, and is, therefore, only 22 years of age. His parents, one of whom, (the father) is still living, and resides in Sugar Creek township, Armstrong county, this State, belonging to the Presbyterian church, in which persuasion the prisoner was brought up. In the spring of 1851, he came to this country, his parents having gone before him about two years, and landed in New York, where he worked at the brick yard during the early part of the Summer. In the Fall he went to Philadelphia, drove cart for Thomas Conson, a coal merchant on Broad street, and married his late wife (who was poisoned,) on the 27th of August, 1851. With her he had three children, two of whom are dead. The eldest, now about five years old, is still living, and in charge of his brother, Henry Clark, in Philadelphia. In March, 1854, he went to Armstrong county, and worked at the rolling mill of Brown, Phillips & Co., at Kittanning, where he remained for about two years and three months, and then returned to Philadelphia, residing there for about two years again, part of which time he worked as a puddler at the Kensington Iron Works, on the 14th of November, 1855, he came to Danville, and was employed at the Montour Rolling Mill as a puddler, where he has worked ever since. He has three brothers living in Philadelphia.

In stature Clark is about 5 feet 5 or 6 inches in height, has a dark, luxuriant crop of hair, heavy black eye brows, very low forehead, small mouth, black eyes, and pale though fair complexion. He is rather intelligent, wears a downcast look, and has hitherto borne a good character as far as we can learn. He was a prominent member of the Protestant Association of this place. To the charge laid against him, he pleads innocence.

Mary Twigg, the other prisoner, whose maiden name was McClintock, was born in Ireland, of Protestant parents, about one half mile from the town of Convey, and is now 27 years of age. She arrived in this country on the 18th of July, 1850, and resided for several years in Philadelphia, and lived in Danville since August, 1856. She was married to her late husband, David Twigg, before she came to America, and had four children, two of whom are dead, and two still living with her father and brother, who reside in Rudy's addition to the borough of Danville. She is of medium height, has black hair, low, flat forehead, blue eyes, coarse features, and tolerable fair complexion. She seems to be rather indifferent as to the charge made against her, protesting innocence, and professes to be innocent.

HONORABLY DISCHARGED.—Ex-Gov. Rebb of Ohio, who recently fired upon a party of seceders, at his residence in Winnebago county, Illinois, and killed one of them and wounded others, has been honorably discharged, after a full investigation of the matter. The seceders, it appears, were a gang of insolent rowdies, who surrounded the house of the ex-Governor and insulted his family, until he was compelled to fire upon them, after begging and coaxing them to leave.

## U. S. SOLDIER EATEN BY A SHARK.

A shocking affair happened at Cape Sable, Fla., on the 5th ult. Two privates of Company H, 1st artillery, were captured while sailing in the bay, and one of them, named Dunn, while swimming ashore, was seized by a shark and eaten up. His companion got safely ashore.

A man named Aaron Beddog, of Montgomery county, Ky., intends petitioning the Legislature to change his name. He says his sweetheart, whose name is Olivia, is unwilling that he should be called A. Beddog, she O. Beddog, and the little ones Little Beddogs.

The United States Mail at Philadelphia, makes a million and a half of the cents per week, which are going rapidly into circulation.

## Washington's Farewell.

The following extract is from a letter written by a lady upwards of eighty years old, residing in Philadelphia, to her grandson in Washington:

"When General Washington delivered his Farewell Address, in the room at the South east corner of Chestnut and Sixth streets, I sat immediately in front of him. It was in the room the Congress had occupied. The table of the Speaker was between the two windows on Sixth street. The daughter of Dr. C., of Alexandria, the physician and intimate friend of Washington, Mrs. H., whose husband was the auditor, was a very dear friend of mine—Her brother, Washington, was one of the Secretaries of Gen. Washington. Young Dandridge, a nephew of Mrs. Washington, was the other. I was included in Mrs. H.'s party to witness the august, the solemn scene. N—C—, declined going with Mrs. H., who had determined not to go so early as to secure the front bench. It was fortunate for N—C—, (afterwards Mrs. L.) that she would not trust herself to be so near her honored grandfather. My dear father stood very near her; she was terribly agitated. There was a narrow passage from the door of entrance to the room, which was on the east, dividing the rows of benches. Gen. Washington stopped at the end to let Mr. Adams pass to the chair. The latter always wore a full suit of bright drab, with slash, or rather loose cuffs. He also wore wrist ruders. He had not changed his fashions. He was a short man, with a good head.—With his family he attended our church twice a day.

General Washington's dress was a full suit of black. His military hat had the black cockade. There stood the father of his Country, acknowledged by nations "the first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." No marshals, with gold colored ears, no cheering. The most profound stillness greeted him, as if that great assembly desired to hear him breathe and catch his breath—the homage of the heart. Mr. Adams covered his face with both his hands. The sleeve of his coat and his hands were covered with tears. Every now and then there was a suppressed sob. I cannot describe Washington's appearance as I felt it—perfectly composed and self-possessed till the close of his address. Then, when strong men's sobs broke loose, when tears covered their faces, then the great man was shaken. I never took my eyes from his face. Large drops came from his eyes. He looked to the grateful children who were parting with their father, their friends, as if his heart was with them and would be to the end."

THE PINK SPIDER.—The springs of everlasting life are within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloah, they "go softly." You must listen to catch the silvery tones of the little rill as it glides along. You may not witness its silent march; but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and opening flowers—its presence will be seen in the fresh verdure and opening flowers—its presence will be known by forms of life and beauty that gather around it. It is thus with the pure spirit. You may not hear the "still soft voice," heed its silent aspirations, but it has moral strength and a holy influence that is felt by all around. The wilderness is made to smile in its presence, and flowers of new life and beauty springing up and flourish forever.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.—Its blossoms expand in the noontide of prosperity, but it yields its sweet fragrance in the dark night of adversity. It is not only beautiful and fragrant, but it possesses rare virtues. Its green leaves are for the binding up of a broken heart, and for the healing of a wounded spirit. It is an antidote for the poisoned shafts of calumny, and remarkable for giving relief to all pain of the heart.

TO prevent suicide, the Christian Advocate proposes the enactment of a law, giving up to the doctors for dissection, the bodies of all persons who kill themselves! What a stupid preventative. They should commence with the carcass of the adviser, for his verbiage.

Virginia is said to be overrun by Gipsies. They are of European origin, and practice all the tricks and pilferings for which the class have been distinguished. They are attracted to Virginia just as they are found in worn out countries of the old world.